

FRESHMEN ENTER- TAIN HI FACULTY

LEAVING THE UPPERCLASSMEN
WITH A VERY MUCH LEFT-
OUT SORT O' FEELIN'

Their Party of Last Thursday Made
A Very Favorable Impression
With All Attendants

No one can hold a candle to the Freshies when it comes to making a good start in life. They decided on last Thursday that Friday night was as good a night as any to entertain the faculty—jus' sorta get in good, you know. Maybe that was their motive or just their natural good-heartedness but seven thirty found the lunch room fairly shining—rather a greenish hue, of course— but what could one expect?

In spite of all the warnings given to the Class of '25 however, they almost ruined a perfectly good faculty. To explain, they took it into their young heads to initiate the teachers—imagine that, from youngsters! To begin with, they blindfolded Mr. Grimes (who would dare!) and walked him up and down stairs but the last time a gentle push rather upset him and—well, have you noticed a hint of a limp? Don't blame him.

All this didn't tend to make him any the less playful (?). Mr. Sias and he were gound to get a taste of cider beforehand and although they were assured of plenty later, a guard was needed to keep their fingers out of the eats until they were served.

Miss Eichhorn supervised the little games and these helped some to keep the two aforementioned teachers out of mischief. Squirrel in the Tree and Three Deep were the favorites—yes and the faculty had a great time playing these. Miss Eichhorn probably has had a great dael of experience in amusing little folks (with apologies to the teachers.)

Unlike other parties of the high school there was hardly any dancing. Though Alice Breining and Helen Matthews furnished some music for those who could dance. But some day they won't know what to do without it.

Even though it was just a Freshmen party one or two upperclassmen were there—Bob, don't you know

MORE WEENERS ARE ROASTED

WIND AND WEATHER INTERFERE
BUT DO NOT DAMPEN THE
ARDOR OF ROASTERS

Somehow, Somewhere, Sometime,
Part of the Bunch was Mis-
Laid but Found Unhurt.

It was just about eight o'clock on Friday night when two cars drove through the lane leading to the Bird woods. After the fire was started the boys spent their spare moments trying to find sticks suitable for roasting. Mr. Higby promptly seized one of the sticks and six or seven of the weenies and proceeded to the fire. The others soon followed.

In a few minutes it started to rain but they managed to stand in between the drops. After the marsh-mellows, weenies and buns had been devoured and the boys had finished the last two quarts of cider they all piled into one of the cars. Since that night Elizabeth has not worn any hairpins in her hair. Poor child! She has had none to wear. There is a mystery concerning those hairpins. Isn't there, Mr. Higby?

Finally they discovered that four members of the party were missing but after a careful search they were found in the other car. If any of the readers of this article are very inquisitive they may find out who the guilty ones were by inquiring of Bob Bird. Not wishing to run any more such risks they soon started back to Ypsi.

enough to stay home when you're not invited? Perhaps the cider was the attraction—oh, yes, and the fried cakes—a regular Hallowe'en Party. They saved the refreshments till the very last, maybe because they could not vouch for the cider and had reasons of their own. Anyway it was a pretty long time for Mr. Sias and Mr. Grimes to wait, they were so impatient and ther thirst had a pretty sharp edge on it, but at last it was quenched, oh my, how it was quenched! Mr. Grimes' wife was there to take care of him but that didn't hinder Mr. Sias any. Don't you wonder how he ever got all the way home safely? But he seems to be back in school in as good health as ever and no one else seems any the worse for wear, so you're all right.

AGRICULTURE CLUB MEETS CANDIDATES

AND SHOWS THEM A FEW KINKS
IN THE GENTLE ART OF
INITIATING

October 12 Is the Date that Twelve
Unsuspecting Farmers and Far-
merettes Did the Trick

On Tuesday evening, October 12, the old members of the agriculture club me seven trembling candidates for membership and proceeded to welcome them into the club. We suspect that Bob chose his office, as conductor of the candidates through the dire proceedings after he learned that the girls to be initiated outnumbered the boy six to one. He was very hard hearted; wouldn't even stop when you said "don't", eh, Susan? By the way, didn't the girls look cute? Why were sunbonnets ever allowed to go out of fasion? Remington wondered why he need overalls but he says he found out later.

We are sure that each new member will be able to perform his club duties satisfactorily after having the paths of club life shown so graphically. He will not only be prepared for the rough places but has learned that even the smooth and pleasant way may present sharp corners. After the solemn oath had been tremblingly taken by each nerve-racked candidate he received the A. C. colors which he was informed, must be worn for one week after all initiations are over. But, let us tell you, some of the old members are wearing the colors now too, doubtless in order that the new members will not feel too conspicuous, so you can not be sure that every person whom you see adorned with the purple and gold has just come through the ordeal of initiation.

Mr. Ross (in chemistry) Since the boiling point of water is much lower on top of a high mountain how would you make tea on the top of Mt. Shasta? Mr. Perrine what would you do on an occasion of that kind? M. Perrine—Make ice tea.

First bug—What caused Mr. Fly's death.

2nd Bug: Well, he was an aviator and he went to see if his picture was in the fly paper.

DISTRIBUTING METHOD TO BE CHANGED AGAIN

TICKET SYSTEM ABANDONED AS
NOT SATISFACTORY — BOX
TO BE INSTALLED

Metropolitan Method of Circulation
For Street Sales to Be Tried
Out Beginning This Issue

In the past four weeks the students of Ypsi Hi have been much put out by the present method of Sem distribution. The "show your card or no Sem" slogan became positively annoying. Never mind, students, it is no more.

The editors wish it to be known that the only reason for using this method was to aid the students in getting their paper. It had been planned to give, at different times durnig the year, schedules, of the school events such as debates, basketball, etc., but due to the unwillingness or forgetfulness of the students to show cards this plan will have to be discontinued.

The new method will be placed on trail next week and is set forth as follows:

"A table will be placed in front of the drinking fountain on the main floor. Sems and a small box will be placed on this table. If you have a subscription, take your Sem; if you have not, put your 3c or 5c in the box and then take your paper." The plan is simple. It is entirely up to you students, whether it will work or not.

Another thing, students, if you have any criticism write it and drop it in the chat box. We realize that the paper has a great many faults but it cannot improve exvept through your help.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—

Cleopatra did not wear Luxite ho-siery?

Jean d'Arc couldn't appreciate chocolate malties.

Ivan the Terrible did not run a barber shop?

Marc Anthony did not operate a peanut wagon.

Shakespear didn't have to pass freshman rhetoric.

Mr. Grimes: Why are you late?

A. Boomer: I was unavoidably detained by unforeseen circumstances.

The Weekly Ypsi-Sem

Published Weekly by the Students of
Ypsilanti High School

Issued on Wednesday of each week.

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Three Cents per Copy

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CHAPEL EXERCISES

Last Wednesday, chapel was held in the Auditorium, music being the main feature.

The chorus gave some selections, among which was The Football Game. This number was given with such enthusiasm and pep that we knew we would have no trouble winning the next game.

Mrs. Gray, of the Normal Conservatory gave three solos which were much enjoyed and appreciated.

Mr. Crandall favored us with violin selections, the like of which we would find hard to beat.

Dr. Elliott of the Presbyterian church spoke on The Love of France, England and the U. S. in which were many interesting accounts of his travels while with the Y. M. C. A.

Announcements for the interclass contests completed the program.

LUCKY BOYS!

The above caption appropriately describes the football men of Ypsi Hi in regard to last Wednesday's game with the Ann Arbor reserves. By this, we do not mean Ann Arbor outplayed us, but we do mean that Ypsi played so far beneath her standard that she deserved to lose. There was an absolute absence of pep on the part of the team.

Ann Arbor kicked off and after a series of plays by both teams Ypsi worked the ball down to Ann Arbor's 20 yard line. Here on a play that

was meant for a forward pass but for which no one was open Haggarty dashed across the line for six points. Goetze missed goal. Then Ypsi displayed worlds of poor football and Peel of Ann Arbor, a regular crossed our goal line and kicked goal. Score Ypsi 6, A. A. R. 7.

This and this only, seemed to awaken the fellows, for by a series of line smashes in which R. Perrine featured, Ypsi carried the ball over, Goetze kicking goal, and the game ended 13 to 7 in favor of Ypsi.

For Ypsi, Canfield, Perrine, Williamson and Haggarty played best while Reel and Morton were Ann Arbor's stars.

This coming Saturday Ypsi plays Birmingham. While Ypsi should win nothing is certain and it will take all the fight the boys have got to bring home the bacon. Let's boost the team and stand by 'em.

CUT-OUTS & MUFFLERS

Waiter—Those eggs were poached by electricity.

Eater—Is that why I got such a shock when I opened one.

We would like to know if when a doctor gets sick and calls in another doctor to doctor him, is the doctor doctored the way he wants to be doctored or does the doctor's doctor doctor him the way he ought to be doctored?

You say you have just graduated from a barber's college? What's your yell?

"Cut their lips; cut their jaw; leave their lips raw raw raw!"

G. Hagagrey: You seem to be in a deep study — a penny for your thoughts.

F. Hopkins: "Oh, I'm a rapid thinker and have 500 thoughts at once. Pass me a five spot please."

I stole a kiss the other night,

My conscience hurts, alac!

I guess I'll go again tonight

And put the blamed thing back.

ATTENTION!!

If a ten year old gets tired holding his baby sister, who weighs ten or eleven pounds in twelve minutes, how many minutes will it take a boy twice that age to get tired holding some other fellow's sister who weighs 120 pounds?

H. Springer: Does the tide rise or raise?

D. Williamson: It rises because there is no yeast to raise it.

Found—A good remedy for chappy cheeks is to avoid cheeky chaps.

"My dear" gushed the popular co-ed's roomie "I didn't know you were writing a book."

"I'm not" was the reply, "that is only my diary, and chap does not stand for chapter."

Want Ad Section

A remedy for excessive grinning—

C. Allen.

A permanent excuse for tardiness

—A. Boomer.

More respect—Freshies.

A gril to waste my blushes on—
D. Yost.

The old locker room—Junior and senior girls.

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SNEEZES AND WHEEZES

Got your \$8. anyway didn't you Freddie? It might have made a difference to Hoppie if he could have played in the Ann Arbor game or not but just the same his pep was there. \$8 isn't such a small sum to bet on a game—unless you're dead sure. And Hoppie was. Keep it up, Fred, you'll be rich by and by.

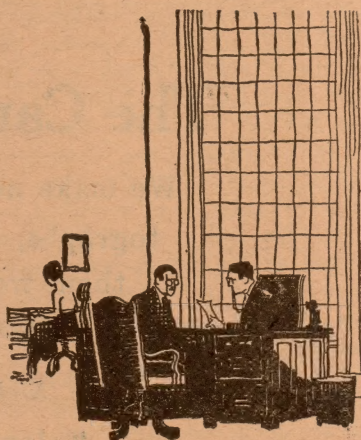
Y. H. S. surely has some supporter in Mr. Goetz. No one playing gets out of being praised, criticized and yelled at when he's around. No, not

even little Alex II. If the rest of us had half his pep and volume of voice there wouldn't be one dead moment of the game. Fess up, now, would there?

Don't you think it was a little of the Freshmen to give a party just for themselves. They can keep a secret better than a good many Seniors can though, for hardly an upperclassmen knew anything about it till it was over. Listen—maybe they are going to give a school party and were just a bit timid and so gave a practice party. See what you got yourself in-

DON'T MISS
HORTENSE NEILSEN
in
John Drinkwater's Play
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THEATRE

Thursday and Friday—Oct. 21 and 22—D. W. Griffith presents Richard Barthelmess and Carol Dempster in The LOVE FLOWER also comedy and pathe review.

Saturday, Oct. 23—Ethel Clayton in Crooked Streets; also Ruth Roland in Ruth of the Rockies.

to now, Freshies? We are expecting for proof.
a wopper of a party now—one that
will surpass the Freshman reception
and all former such time diverters.
How soon is it going to be?

The senior class are managing a
wonderful thing for Thursday—you
know. All you have to do is to buy
your ticket and walk to the auditor-
ium and after a few minutes. You
will be glad you didn't stay away.
Don't you believe this? Try it out

Catherine: Why the chimney pip-
ed it and the oven took it all in.
C. Allen—It was so funny the
stove laughed.

D. Babcock—What do you mean?

Mother—Percy, it is not possible
you are teaching the parrot to swear
is it?

Percy—Oh, no mother, I was just
telling him some words he must nev-

er, never say.

Miss McNiel (in Spanish) to E.
Field: Pronounce chachucha.

Estehr: (interrupting by sneezing)
Ca-chu-cha.

Miss McNiel: Miss Field has evi-
dently solved the problem.

Junoir: Why is it that Sophomore
faces are so red?

Senior: Because they are thinking
of how green they were when they
were freshies.

QUOTH THE BARON

She—I can't stand kissing.

He—There are plenty of chairs.

How's Smith getting along these
days? He always used to be putting
up a kick.

Next Fellow—He's still putting it
up—in bottles.

Sign in a show window:

"Don't kill your wife; let one of
our new electric washing machines
do the dirty work.

How can it bedid?

Seen in a paper:—"Cork Mayor
Sinks."

Make it of flypaper.

Do you think we should have a
more elastic currency?

It's elastic enough—why not more
adhesive.

A defective detective story.

At last he was on right track of
Red the Blackmailer. Red had hair
of the genus strawberrius blonditum.

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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Sunday School 11:30 a. m.

Young Peoples' Meeting 6 p. m.

CARL H. ELLIOTT, Minister.

Morning Worship 10 a. m.

Motion Pictures 7 p. m.

Hochi the detective was eating in a
second rate restaurant. Aha, he saw
a red hair in the soup. Foiled again
—it was only a crack in the bowl.
I'll follow him till Niagara Falls,
said Hochi that night as he lay down
to sleep.

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z CRASH! CRASH!
Hochi awoke. He thought it was the
night falling but it was only the day
breaking.

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